



Published by the Press Publishing Company, No. 33 to G. Park Row, New York
Entered at the Post-Office at New York as Second-Class Mail Matter.

VOLUME 46.....NO. 10,121.

"POLITENESS HERE:

But You Have to Look for It."



The reporter of an esteemed Sunday contemporary has been moved to look for politeness in New York. He was set on the trail, presumably, by Catherine King's daily stories in The Evening World of her search for men who would risk making \$10 by giving up their seats to women in crowded cars.

The conclusion to be reached from the reporter's experiences is voiced in the words of a Brooklyn Bridge policeman:

Certainly, there's politeness here; but you have to look for it.

Having "to look for it" is the trouble. It implies either a prevailing reluctance to give the courteous impulse its due, or a general absence of the impulse itself.

The absence alternative is perhaps the more likely. Muscles long in disuse shrink into shreds; the quality of politeness long neglected ceases to inspire a habit.

Politeness is "refinement of manners." Refinement stands for purification and polish, and if the process has been properly attended to the man will be polite without thinking of it—or of the \$10. The woman, also.

The Foot-in-the-Aisle person, let us mention, is one who has escaped the perfection of refining.

The reporter, on his observation tour, saw these things, among others:

Two young men picked up children who had sprawled on the street while walking with their mothers.

A middle-aged man helped a feeble woman across a street.

An elderly man took off his hat to a young woman after she stopped him to make some inquiry as to a street she was looking for.

No fewer than four men sprang to their feet to steady an elderly woman in a car after it started and while she was walking to a seat in the forward part of the car.

A laborer got up in another car and gave his seat to a woman who plainly showed that she was tired.

A young woman gave her seat to an old man and insisted that he should take it.

Not one woman with a baby failed to get a seat.

A "flying wedge" of four men and one strapping youngster, all strangers, took a cripple safely through a bridge crush.

These were good things to see. Evidently the reporter took a lucky circuit. If any who read these lines happen to have been active in the incidents referred to they are urged to persist in their excellent ways. They are of the heaven in a big lump from which no heaven can be spared.

At the end of the reporter's story an old professor of moral philosophy is quoted thus:

Living in a large city has a bad effect on the finer instincts. You have to stifle your kindly impulses.

You elbow your neighbors in street car crushes. You begin to think there isn't any such thing as public politeness, and usually there isn't.

If you want to be a fine, kindly, open-hearted man, beware of living in a large city.

And yet it is said in the history of politeness that it "first sprung up in cities, connected with a desire to please others by anticipating their wants and wishes and studiously avoiding whatever might give them pain." By the original derivation of the word, to be "polite" was to be "cityfied."

It would be a fine twentieth century task for the people of New York to raise the spirit of courtesy again to that high place in their city which, according to an old-time observer recently quoted in this column, it once held.

My Candidate!"

By J. Campbell Cory.



WAS ONCE A WEED. Celery is the cultivated variety of the English weed smallage. It was introduced into kitchen gardens in England about the time of the Reformation by some Italian, who gave it the Italian name "celeri."

HAS ITS OWN LAWS. An English Island free from English law is an anomaly, yet such is the situation of the Isle of Man, which has a code of laws entirely its own. It has never been ruled by the laws of England.

STATESMEN'S PAY. Every Russian Minister receives a salary of about \$12,500 a year, and the Ministers of the Interior and Finance receive large additional sums. The salary is for life, even if the Minister is only in office for a few months.

ONE EARLY AMBITION. Lord Kitchener had an ambition to become an actor when a young man. A well known actor, whom the great soldier consulted, offered him a part as "walking gentleman," but advised the army, and the engineers in particular.

The Mission of the Toy Now Admitted by Science.

TOY making seems to have reached about as near the zenith of its possibilities as to have any of the practical arts.

Today, as much as ever in the evolution of the toy, the thing desired is to hold childish attentions largely through the stimulation of the imagination. The first toy of the aboriginal baby doubtless was a something that caught the infant eye and which rattled acceptably to the infant ear. After 5,000 years there have been few improvements in principle and form of the toy attracting the infant.

In some of the lower types of humanity there is a marked precocity in the infant and small child.

But this precocity in the youth far down the scale has had its influence upon the imaginations and inventiveness of the lower orders of men and women. The same spirit and incentive have come right up with man to the present when the perfection of a toy that in miniature will do all that the practical, useful machine accomplishes for the adult may involve a higher inventive and constructive ability.

In all times the one appealing quality in the toy, after its possessor has reached an observing age, is that it enables the little one to play the grown up. Before a small bit of humanity can desire to play at some real activity in the life of his parents, his imagination will have to be stimulated; and once stimulated to the thought, there are evidences that a too nearly perfect mechanical device to that end is robbing the youngster of some of the most pleasurable possibilities in the game of make-believe.

Thirty years ago, when a daily newspaper sold universally for 5 cents, a doll that cost \$1 was regarded as worth a society note; to-day with the daily paper selling for 1 or 2 cents, a doll that costs \$15 or \$20 is commonplace in the larger cities, says the Chicago Tribune.

It is to be doubted if the active influence of the juveniles have been exerted widely toward this elaboration of the toy. Rather it has been the influence of the inventive elder person who has anticipated a market for the more intricate, larger and more costly production. In doing so he has appealed to the adult buyer who, having passed his imaginative stage of existence, is almost universally likely, to be attracted to the material accomplishments of the man who makes toys for children after a man's own ideas of what children should covet and conserve.

The best end to be served by the toy will not be reached until in one way or another the toy is relegated to that first great end of stimulating a healthy imagination in the child.

Said on the Side.

THIS five names on The Evening World roll of honor for street car politeness include those of Genovio Potosi, Charles Sternberger and George Schwind. Those who find the explanation of the city's bad manners in public places in "the heterogeneous nature of its population" must look somewhere else for the explanation.

"We should be like the pump, which not only sucks up, but also gives out," says John D. Rockefeller. But probably Mr. Rockefeller's real preference is to be like the pipe line which draws the contents of innumerable oil wells into one great reservoir.

The sailors who complain that they don't get enough to eat on Uncle Sam's warships certainly do not look it.

"Never kiss, if you would avoid consumption," is the caution of the actress.

ists at the International Tuberculosis Congress. But it is American nature to take chances.

Commissioner McArdoo says that the squirrels in the park amuse him more than many politicians, and from the ducks and other animals he sometimes can learn more than from ministers. The Commissioner may yet extend his studies of animals to the bipeds who break and enter and hold up citizens on the streets.

Said that the Federation of Women's Clubs in America now includes 10,000 associations and clubs, capable of wielding a formidable "big stick" in combination.

England imports \$30,000,000 pairs of shoes in one year from Boston alone. British well shod as a result, and Massachusetts manufacturers well heeled.

Letters from the People.

Pipe or Cigar, Which is Worse?
To the Editor of The Evening World:
Will some one please inform me whether smoking of good tobacco in a pipe is injurious or not, or if it is as injurious as a cigar?
J. G. C.

A Plague of Dust.
To the Editor of The Evening World:
For nearly two weeks the residents of East Broadway have been forced to inhale, eat and have their clothes and furniture soiled with dust and sand which has been put over the newly made block pavement. I wonder the health authorities permit sand to remain on such a busy street such a length of time. Every wagon or car brings a fresh cloud of dust into the rooms on the south side of the street.
ALBERT PRUVER.

Fraudulent Enlistment.
To the Editor of The Evening World:
A few months ago my boy left home and joined the Navy without my consent. He is not a bad boy, he simply wanted to see the world. Now he is sick and homesick besides. I do not like to leave him there. He has a

home to go to. He is only sixteen years and five months old.

ANXIOUS MOTHER.
Your son is liable to punishment for fraudulent enlistment if he claimed to be eighteen when he joined the Navy. No applicant under eighteen is accepted without consent of parents or guardians.

The Melon Partners.
To the Editor of The Evening World:
The following may prove interesting to my fellow-readers: A contributes two cents and B three cents to purchase a melon for five cents. C happens along and arranges to buy one-third of the melon for five cents. After the melon has been divided into three equal parts and distributed C goes his way rejoicing. The problem of how equitably to divide the five cents paid by C presents itself to A and B. They are still wrangling. Who will help them out?
A. E. ERNEST.

Brooklynite.—A man born in this country is eligible to the Presidency, whether his parents were foreign or native born.

R. A. S.—There were 70,000 Indians in the United States at the last census.

AYESHA: THE FURTHER HISTORY OF She-Who-Must-Be-Obeyed. BY H. RIDER HAGGARD

Author of "She," "Allan Quatermain," "King Solomon's Mines," etc.

(Copyrighted, 1904, in Great Britain and the United States by H. Rider Haggard.)

SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS.
Leo Vinney and Horace Holly, two Englishmen, start for an unknown country beyond Persia in search of a wonderful and supposedly immortal woman known as "she" or "Ayesha." In 1890 they found her in a woman in Africa, where she had lived and been loved by Leo. She had claimed to have been 2,000 years old and to have loved Leo in a former incarnation. She had seen him in a vision, but Leo in a vision is told that she still lives and is waiting for him in a land across the Tibet mountains. Passing these mountains they come to the land of Kalam.

Atene, the Khan, or Queen, of Kalam, falls in love with Leo, and, by the aid of her uncle, Shimbri, the Shaman, (uncle) seeks to win him. But Leo, learning that a supposed goddess known as Ayesha, high priestess of the sacred mountain beyond Kalam, believes this priestess to be Ayesha and remains true to her. Holly believes Ayesha is the reincarnation of Ayesha, an Egyptian princess who had lived and been loved by Leo in a former incarnation 2,000 years ago and whose rival Ayesha had been.

Holly and Leo escape and make their way to the mountain. The Khan, Ayesha's husband, pursues them and is killed by Leo. A veiled woman clad in white meets the two travellers and leads them up the sacred mountain.

On the way to the summit they meet the Khan, and Shimbri, who are bringing the Khan's body thither for burial. The Khan insula the name of Ayesha. Oras, high priest of the Hessa's shrine, escorts the two wanderers to the temple, leaving them before the altar of Hessa. There the Hessa, a veiled figure, questions them. Atene and Shimbri arrive, bearing the Khan's body. Atene demands justice for her husband's death. The Hessa rebukes her for detaining the two wanderers in Kalam instead of having sent them on at once to the mountain.

CHAPTER XXXI.

The Rivals' Hate.

"WHAT hast thou to say to those charges?" repeated the Hessa menacingly.

"But little," Atene answered, without flinching. "For years I have been bound to a madman and a brute, and if my fancy wandered toward this man and his fancy wandered toward me—well, nature spoke to us, and that is all. Afterward it seems that he grew afraid of the vengeance of Rastan, or that he, whom I would that the hounds had torn from bone, grew afraid, so they strove to escape the land, and perchance wandered to thy mountain. But I weary of all this talk and ask thee leave to rest before to-morrow's rite."

"Thou sayest, Atene," said the Hessa, "that nature spoke to this man and to thee, and that his heart is thine; but

that, fearing thy lord's vengeance, he fled from thee, he who seems no coward. Tell me, then, is that tress he hides in the satchel on his breast thy love of love to him?"

"I know nothing of what he hides in the satchel," answered the Khan, sullenly.

"And yet, yonder in the gatehouse when he lay so sick, he set the lock against thine own—ah, dost remember now?"

"So, O Hessa, already he has told thee all our secrets, though they be such as most men hide within their breast; and she looked contemptuously at Leo."

"I told her nothing of the matter, Khan," Leo said, in an angry voice.

"Nay, thou tellest me nothing, wanderer, my watching spirit told me. Oh, didst thou think, Atene, that thou couldst hide the truth from the all-seeing spirit of the mountain? If so, spare thy breath, for I know all, and have known it from the first. I passed thy disobedience by; of thy false messages I took no heed. For my own purposes I, to whom time is naught, suffered even that thou shouldst hold these, my guests, thy prisoners whilst thou didst strive by threats and force to win a love denied."

She paused, then went on coldly: "Woman, I tell thee that to complete thy sin thou hast even dared to lie to me here in my very sanctuary."

"If so, what of it?" was the bold answer. "Dost thou love the man thyself? Nay, it is monstrous. Nature would cry aloud at such a shame. Oh! tremble not with rage. Hessa, I know thy evil powers, but I know also that I am thy guest, and that in this hallowed place, beneath yonder symbol of eternal love, thou mayst shed no blood. More, thou canst not harm me, Hessa, who am thy equal."

"Atene," replied the measured voice, "did I desire it, I could destroy thee where thou art. Yet thou art right; I shall not harm thee, thou faithless servant. Did not I, writ bid thee through yonder searcher of the stars, thy uncle, to meet these guests of mine and bring them straight to my shrine? Tell me, I seek to know, how comes it that thou didst disobey me?"

"Have then thy desire," answered



Atene, in a new and earnest voice, devoid now of bitterness and falsehood. "I disobeyed because that man is not thine, but mine, and no other woman's; because I love him and have loved him

from of old. Ay, since first our souls sprang into life I have loved him, as he has loved me. My own heart tells me so; the magic of my uncle here tells me so, though how and where and when these things have been I know not. Therefore I come to thee, mother of mysteries, guardian of the secrets of the past, to learn the truth. At least, thou canst not lie at thine own altar, and I charge thee, by the dread name of that power to which thou also must render thy account, that thou answer now and here.

"Who is this man to whom my being vows? What has he been to me? What has he to do with thee? Speak, O Oracle, and make the secret clear."

"Ay, speak, speak!" said Leo, "for I am in sore suspense. I also am

whereas I know well that more than eighty summers have gone by since my grandfathers in his youth saw this same priestess sitting on the mother's throne."

"And whom dost thou believe me to be, O Holly?" the priestess asked, taking as note of the Khan's words.

"What he believes I believe," I answered. "The dead come back to life—sometimes. Yet alone thou knowest the truth, and by thee only it can be revealed."

"Ay," she said, as though musing, "the dead come back to life—sometimes—and in strange shape, and, mayhap, I know the truth. To-morrow when yonder body is borne on high for burial we will speak of it again. Till then rest you all, and prepare to face that fearful thing—the truth."

While the Hessa still spoke the silver curtains swung to their places as mysteriously as they had opened. Then, as though at some signal, the black-robed priests advanced. Surrounding Atene, they led her from the sanctuary, accompanied by her uncle, the Shaman, who, as it seemed to me, either from fatigue or fear, could scarcely stand upon his feet, but stood blinking his dim eyes as though the light dazzled him. When these were gone, the priests and priestesses, who in this time had been ranged round the walls, far out of a range of our talk, gathered themselves into their separate companies, and still chanting, departed also, leaving us alone with Oras and the corpse of the Khan, which remained where it had been laid down.

Now the head priest, Oras, beckoned to us to follow him, and we went also. For was I sorry to leave the place, for its deathlike loneliness—enhanced, strangely enough, as it was by the flood of light that filled it—a loneliness which was concentrated and expressed in the awful figure stretched upon the altar, oppressed and overcame us, whose nerves were broken by all that we had undergone. Thankful enough was I when, leaving passed the threshold and down the length of the vast nave, we came to the iron doors, the rock passage and the outer gate, which, as before, opened to let us through, and so at last into the sweet, cold air of the night at that hour which precedes the dawn.

Oras led us to a house well built and furnished, where, at his bidding, like a woman not twenty years ago I found liquor which he gave us. I think that drink was drugged; at least, after awaiting I remembered no more till I awoke to find myself lying on a bed and feeling wonderfully strong and well. This I thought strange, for a lamp burning in a room, for a lamp, was still dark, and therefore that I could have rested but a little time.

"See, now, how madness can mislead a man," broke in Atene, triumphantly. "Not twenty years ago," he said,

I tried to sleep again, but was not able, so fell to thinking till I grew weary of the task. For here thoughts would not help me. For here thoughts except the truth, that fearful thing, as the veiled priestess had called it.

Oh! what she should prove not some fearful thing. What was the meaning of the Khan's hints and of her boldness, that surely had been inspired by the strength of a hidden knowledge? What it—nay, it could not be—I would wake Leo and make him dress it—anything to occupy my mind until the appointed hour, when we must learn—the best—of the worst.

I sat up in the bed and saw a figure advancing toward me. It was Oras, who bore a lamp in his hand.

You have slept long, friend Holly," he said, "and now it is time to be up and doing."

"I answered, testily, 'How can that be, when it is still dark?'"

"Because, friend, the dark is that of a new day. Many hours have gone by since you lay down upon this bed. Well, you were wise to rest you while you may, for who knows when you will awake again? Come, let me bathe your arm."

"Tell me"—I broke in. "Nay, friend," he interrupted, firmly. "I will tell you nothing, except that soon you must start to be present at the funeral of the Khan, and, perchance, to learn the answer to your questions."

Ten minutes later he led me to the caving chamber of the house, where I found Leo already dressed, for Oras had awakened him before he came to me and bidden him to prepare himself. Oras told us here that the Hessa had not suffered to be disturbed until the night came again, since we had had to undergo that day. So presently we started out.

Once more we were led through the paved hall till we came to the loop-shaped apex. The place was empty now, even the corpse of the Khan had gone, and no draped Oracle sat in the altar shrine, for its silver curtains were drawn, and we saw that it was untenanted.

"The mother has departed to do honor to the dead, according to the ancient custom," Oras explained to us. Then we passed the altar, and behind the statue found a door in the rock wall of the apex, and beyond the door a passage, and a hall as of a house, for out of it opened other doors leading to chambers. These our guide told us were the dwelling places of the Hessa and her relations. He added that they ran to the side of the mountain and had windows that opened on to gardens and set in the light and air. In this hall six priests were waiting, each of whom carried a bundle of torches beneath his arm and held in his hand a lighted lamp.

(To Be Continued.)